FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.

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E D I T O R I A L

GROWING PAINS

THE Fellowship has played its small part—and still plays it—in the dissemination and growth of the idea of ecumenism during the past quarter-century. Beliefs, practices, and ways of thinking which once were as exotic as pages in *The National Geographic* are now everyday and familiar. Although when I first read T.S. Eliot's "The Wasteland" twenty-five years ago I had to look up the word "karma," I doubt if anyone has to nowadays. A close reading of several poems in this issue will reveal a familiarity, indeed an acceptance, of this idea which apparently is spreading. In setting up Cornelia Bagarotti's article on *Overcoming Karma,* which you will find on page 7, I felt no need of editorial introduction or explanation. Bar mitzvahs have become another ordinary feature of modern life in this country. Rabbi Silver's article on page 9 fills in some of the details of that ceremony which some of us may not know yet. Here in New York other once far-out faiths can be seen in operation every day of the week—the youngsters dancing and chanting in the saffron-colored robes of Hare Krishna being only the noisiest and most eye-catching. We are a lot more sophisticated about such matters than we used to be and as a consequence we are a lot more tolerant. This connection between knowledge and understanding was one of the dynamics underlying establishment of the Fellowship.

My experience, however, is that our increased cosmopolitanism has not been matched by a parallel development of our ability to get along with each other. Our society is obviously not at all comfortable in itself. The sensational aspects of this discomfort have been visible for several years now. Even the most routine days do not seem to please. Discontent can be heard on almost every possible topic of discussion. The very appearance of today's world expresses our haste, our nervousness, our carelessness and lack of direction. I find the beautiful, the meaningful, even just the stylish and the pleasant only in the creations of separate individuals here and there—in their poems or stories, in the pictures they paint or the gardens they

make, in the meals they serve or the thoughts they express and the feelings they show All of us seem to be stripped down to the barest of essentials.

However, when I read of Mildred Long's arduous but ultimately triumphant struggle to cope with her life, especially as she pictures it in the second part of her autobiography which begins on page 20, I feel admiration as well as the wonderful sensation of knowing that I am not alone in my struggles and that it is possible to overcome them eventually. When another human confides his or her difficulties to me, I cease feeling alone in the universe. When I learn how another has looked to God for help and has received it, I am strengthened to go on doing the same myself. It leads me to suspect that though this is a hard time we are living through it is a time of growth. And I can see that what growth there is, always in an individual, always something uniquely personal, is carrying us toward a sort of world which only twenty-five years ago would have looked like a pipe-dream, an idealistic but very hopeless hope. Growth is obviously my particular business and yours. It is painful to know and to do your duty by. But that, of course, is how it always has been and always will be. —P.G.

THE WHITE DOGWOOD

Frances Brandon Neighbours

Good Friday;
slow rain falling
on the white dogwood.

Early darkness
covering the garden;
a Mourning Dove.

The whiteness
of the dogwood petals;
the evening star.

THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L. Musey

ONE NATION UNDER GOD

RELIGION—the service and adoration of God expressed in forms of worship—the awareness or conviction of the existence of a supreme being, arousing reverence, love, gratitude, the will to obey and serve—has been in the hearts of earth's people from the beginning of time.

Prologue. . .

Genesis. . .

"In the beginning, God created heaven and earth. . . ."

Reflecting back, the earth and the world were made by the Creator, who for millions of ages unfolded in all His love for all mankind His promise.

There is always the human question "Why?"

When we know God's plan and purpose in the words: "Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and thou preservest them all"—we can understand that glorious hope which we have in God.

Our America was founded on religious principles!

The Pilgrim Fathers—men of faith—left the shores of England for a new world. They were sure that God had something better for man beyond the seas.

The people—as they left the Mayflower—were imbued with the feeling that in the New World they would find a country—a new nation—with a spiritual destiny, one nation under God!

In a relatively short time, the United States, this infant among nations, developed from thirteen colonies to a united nation of fifty sovereign states.

Our forebearers, in the settling of America, were motivated by two great philosophies.

One—that true liberty, true freedom, is never free. One must fight to obtain it in the first instance, must be willing to fight to keep it and must be constantly on the alert that he does not lose it.

The other—that true freedom is to be found only where the Spirit of the Lord abides.

The spirit of the Lord abides in the house of God.

A passage from Psalms reads: ". . . Go and find refuge and shelter in your tabernacle. . . ."

It is well to remember and certainly to remind ourselves that we were founded *one nation under God,* when our forefathers founded this continent and strove to make it a good land for men of every race, creed, and color to live, work, and serve humanity—God's people.

Reuben L. Musey

BICENTENNIAL PRAYER

Dennis Barry Carroll

ALMIGHTY GOD, we thank you for the privilege of living in a land of opportunity—our religious heritage and freedom to worship as we may desire.

Keep the United States in Thy holy protection—remembering righteousness exalteth a nation--a goodly heritage.

And, as your Holy words remind us all: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."

UTOPIA — THE WILL O' THE WISP

Albert Jacobsen

SOMEONE crosses a patch of wildflowers, but avoids stepping on the blossoms. A man shoots birds and animals, but only with a camera. It is painful for many folks to see a big, healthy tree being cut down for "progress." We cry or feel like crying when one of our pets is very sick or dies. It is most painful of all to see a decent human being suffer, especially a loved one. If *all* people were *always* compassionate and *irrevocably* opposed to violence, would not all crime and all wars cease forever? But that would be Utopia!

THE BREAD IS IN THE WHEAT

Carla Patsuris

LIFE is an expression of consciousness: that to which we give awareness we express: that which must be accomplished right here and now—not put off to some future date. It is here that we learn our lessons, graduate and go on to greater works. *This day is our field of endeavor.*

First the intention, then the attention, then the manifestation. Yet, intention becoming established, needs further competition until intention and manifestation strengthened rides its fiery steed into the future. *Only through competition can one win the laureate.*

Idleness has a hunger that consumes the promise of success though living, itself, is a continual creation that finds its answers in its own problems; but life has hardly begun and even the oldest of us must forever find new meanings.

All things in manifestation are the result of interplay of reciprocal forces, for creativity is not the production of something from nothing; it is establishment of divisions, distinctions and boundaries and of reflection which is the root of all remembrance or Wisdom. Reflection perceives in numerous images, and mind-stuff is the original material from which everything is made: as we create mental images we are functioning in the world of creative thinking.

Man tends to multiply in the production of his interests; he develops what might be called Magic-Power. The Law of Thought And Action and the Life Power is the actual worker in the great art of transmutation. It is the whittling that makes the whistle just as the chipping of the rock brings forth the face.

Man sets a goal, but if he desires nothing he will not only get nothing but lose what he has. He accomplishes according to the effort expended, and as he strives that which is not important

will eventually drop away.

Today is the result of yesterday's thinking, feeling and desiring; but thought is amendable and it is never too late to re-create. However, there is no quality that we develop mentally, emotionally and physically that we cannot lose through inertia and disinterest.

Awareness creates environment but there is always a poverty created by non-use or non-doing; a kind of atrophy of mind and muscle that eventually spreads its barrenness. We see this poverty growing in the idler, the pleasure-seeker, the too-timid and the habit-bound. The mind, like a muscle, becomes flabby in a senility that evolves even in the not-old for such senility takes root long before it has grown to a recognizable maturity. . . to become discouraged too long or to cease to strive for any length of time at any age is an indication of what to expect.

Still, man must know that nothing becomes perfected in a day; it takes time to work toward a kind of success in anything.

AFTERMATH

Florence B. Unangst

We grow older —
Hopefully, wiser.
Time, in passing,
Is no miser.
From entrance of birth
To exit of transition,
Time is allotted
For your disposition.
How you use your time,
How you travel the path,
Determines the results
In the aftermath.

OVERCOMING KARMA

Or: Living In Grace

Cornelia Bagarotti

KARMA is ever active, within the womb of the present, and is the cause of all that happens in the future. Far too many consider Karma an enigma caused by acts in incarnations many lives past. They forget their accountability here and now for each word spoken, each thought held within, each deed performed. They cannot see the connections between these and what results in later years.

The Christian is told "Every word shall be accounted for," "Whatsoever a man thinketh in his heart that he is," "As we shall sow, so ye shall reap." Nowhere is he told that he may refuse love and charity and honesty and compassion toward his fellowmen and expect to escape the penalty.

Eastern teachings speak of "ripe Karma" and of Karma carried over from past lives, but all warn that unless a man learn to treat his fellowman as he himself would be treated he shall be subject to the same suffering as he himself has caused.

Therefore, until a man unites his consciousness with God within and become as one with his Creator he cannot do the will of Christ or God or his higher self. His own separate ego will always selfishly seek its own good and not that of his neighbor. Then by the Path of Karma he is brought to suffering and to sorrow and retribution only that he may experience for himself how hard is a life devoid of the light of Love, devoid of faith or spiritual at-onement with God.

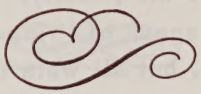
Let each man seek in every contact to give more love, more understanding, more patience. Let each word bring Christ's, or Buddha's presence. Be more forebearing. Live the teaching of the Gospels instinctively. Then all you do will be impelled to deeds of goodness and kindness. May the Light of His face so shine through yours that God be visible to all.

If life on earth were considered as a testing-ground wherein each day we are given manifold opportunities to perfect our-

selves in union with God; where each temptation and each problem were seen not as an abberation but as an opportunity to solve it with Love and harmony, how beautiful would be earthly experience!

Men spend lifetimes perfecting science or material creations and expending strength for pleasure and wealth. How few learn to live in harmony each day with those around them. Or with the world of animals and nature. When it comes to man's inner spiritual life, most men are still the naked cannibals or pigmies of prehistoric times.

"For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" Let us consecrate our lives to God that we may so live each day and each moment that when the final hour comes, perfect union with God has become so habitual that no karma remains.



SURSUM CORDA

Louise Kidder Sparrow

The last trip must be made alone—
Alone with God;
No human hand can guide or lead you
On this path—
The final step into that Great
Unknown—but go
Onward without vain regrets,
Remorse, nor griefs,
An angel hand in yours—God's own—
Will bring you safely home.

BAR MITZVAH

Samuel M. Silver

CONSIDERING how old Judaism is (it began with Abraham some four thousand years ago), Bar Mitzvah is virutally an innovation, a "reform" in the Jewish liturgy, which was introduced in about the thirteenth century of this era.

At that time, or perhaps earlier, young men near their thirteenth birthdays, were "called up" to participate in the worship service.

The boy thus marks the completion of one stage of his religious education. Part of every Sabbath service is a reading from the first five books of the Bible, which are contained in a parchment scroll. Both the scroll and its contents are called Torah, a Hebrew word which means instruction.

In the Torah Scroll, the Hebrew is written without vowels. By reading from the scroll and reciting the blessings before and after the reading, the youngster demonstrates the results of his studies. The event is therefore a reason for celebration.

The thirteen-year-old boy is termed a Bar Mitzvah. Bar means "son of" or "expert in" in a language called Aramaic, which is related to Hebrew. Aramaic was the tongue spoken by Judeans around the turn of the Millenium; it was the language which Jesus spoke.

Mitzvah means "commandment" or "good deed."

Bar Mitzvah, then, means a young man who is beginning to reach the point when he can gain satisfaction from the performance of worthy deeds. In an Orthodox setting, the Bar Mitzvah is counted as one of the ten men needed to start a prayer service.

The ceremony at which the Bar Mitzvah appears is also referred to as Bar Mitzvah.

In addition to reading from one of the first five books of the Bible, the Bar Mitzvah also reads an assigned part of another Biblical book. The second Scriptural reading is called Haftarah ("additional passage") and it too is preceded and followed by special blessings.

In traditional synagogues (Conservative and Orthodox) every youth is expected to become a Bar Mitzvah. In Reform synagogues it is optional, representing the willingness of a young man to undertake an assignment over and beyond the regular curriculum.

In Reform synagogues the young man is expected to continue his studies. Upon completion of the ninth grade, he and his classmates are "inducted" into Judaism in a ceremony called Confirmation.

A ceremony introduced in modern times is the Bar Mitzvah ("daughter of the commandment"), a Bar Mitzvah ceremony for girls.

MY LORD

Marilyn Schwartz Laurelle

Someday, I am going to see the beautiful
face and hands of my Lord.
I have been told we will see ourselves
in a mirror, and we will look
up to one of the corners
over the mirror, and we will
see an image which will make
us turn around, and I shall
see the face and scarred hands,
scarred from those nails driven
into them, so long ago.
When I meet my Lord, there is going
to be a burst, a well of happiness.
There is going to be an eternal
gratefulness and hope, unlike
any ever known here on Earth.

A QUIET PLACE

Jean Castile

My dampened spirit seeks refuge in a quiet place.
Searches for a magic dream where love grows,
Perhaps among wild roses or lilac bushes
That lay underneath sundappled trees, or with

Green moss that grows in dark wood places.
There I will find peace to comfort my soul
And dwell within my heart, there in prayer
My silent tears may speak to our God. . . .

EASTER

Marjorie Sharp Carter

The sky is like a butterfly
With blue and golden wings.
New greening earth looks up toward God. . .
A happy brooklet sings.

All the world looks glorious!
Good Friday's cross has gone.
The daffodils are smiling now
At sunny Easter dawn.

The churchyard lilies gladly give
Their fragrance as we pass
On our way to worship God
At His triumphant mass!

EASTER REFLECTIONS

Dennis Barry Carroll

AGAIN, the light of Easter—the Christian feast, anniversary of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, is celebrated throughout the world. . . . There is no other holy day which has developed exactly the same way. . . . An annual religious feast was about to begin in Jerusalem. Jesus was in great danger and he knew it, but he went there all the same with his disciples. It was the custom to eat a certain kind of supper during the festival. Our Lord and the disciples wanted to observe the rites. For Jesus it was the "last supper." Three days later, he was crucified. He died at the hands of the very people he had come to save. Very early in the morning on the third day after the crucifixion, Jesus rose gloriously from the tomb. After being with his friends for a little while, he ascended to heaven. . . . In retrospect, let every man and woman count his or her self immortal. Let them catch the revelation of Jesus in his resurrection. . . . Prayerfully, we can say: Grant us, O Blessed One, the strength to follow Thee more closely—with greater faith throughout our days.

OUR PRESIDENTIAL HERITAGE by Reuben L. Musey

DURING the two-hundred years of the Republic, a small part of the heritage that each President left reflects not only the man but also the character of the times when he served his term. Two chief executives left their marks on the early years of the newly-formed United States of America.

James Monroe—the fifth President—is known for promulgating "The Monroe Doctrine," which he drew up with John Quincy Adams—who was to serve as the sixth leader of the land. From the moment of its conception one-hundred and fifty-three years ago, the document has been called forth by Presidents in times of crisis. Beginning on the day Monroe assumed the Presidency,

stating in his inaugural address: "National honor is national property of the highest value," to his death at the age of seventy-three, the Virginian served his country—a true American, a man of peace.

John Quincy Adams—the son of the second President—was both a diplomat and an inspirational speaker. With proud independence, he defended—often alone—the things he believed to be right. He once remarked: "The first of qualities for a great statesman is to be honest." Like Monroe, Adams served his country to the end, and was attending the regular session of Congress at the age of eighty-one when fatally stricken. His last words were: "I am content."

DEVOTION

(From *THE CHRONICLE OF REALITY* by George Edwin Burnell)

SANKARA, the great teacher, defined devotion as the inability to swerve from the true path. . . .

What we call the outside world is only a transmission, as it were, from a picture that has been planted by the Lord in the heart, for the purpose of covering up, concealing, enveiling, we will say, the absolute activities of the Divine Mind, in a form of configuration or imagery which is called The Spiritual World. . .

For God is the only worshiper and the only worshiped. He Himself is the worshiper, and His image and likeness is the action of His worship, is Himself. This is ordinary, absolute experience. . . .

The very existence of all existence is one continuity of joyous worship, praising, adoring all beings. . . .

MEDITATION

Georgiana Lieder Lahr

As far as eye can see
Ocean lies before me.
I rest on the shore
And watch the lovely surge of waves
That break in white delight
upon the sand;

In the far distance small sailboats
Bob and toss where sky meets sea,
Three silver gulls dip and soar
Above the waves,
Sandpipers race and run
At water's edge,
Clouds drift in lovely patterns
Across a clear blue sky.

Here I meditate.

I find such joy
In beauty that surrounds me,
For I am "one" with sky and sea
and every living thing;

I feel the throbbing pulse of beauty,
I touch the *very* heart of God!

SPIRITUAL UNITY. Religions of the world—UNITE! You worship one master, GOD, . . . serve one purpose, MANKIND.—M.Toryfter

THE SPRING OF YOUTH

Esther B. Heins

SPRING is eternally young and gay. Her season brings hope, promise, loveliness, and so she is welcomed by all.

Spring is beauty in action. As the folds of her gown sweep the valleys, violets spring up. As she passes through the orchard, the stark brown limbs of the trees become covered with blossoms, fragrant and fair.

The little hills clap hands at her coming and don dresses of apple green. The meadows rejoice as tiny buttercups dot their green carpets. The lark, whose breast is as yellow as the buttercup, welcomes spring with its flutelike melody. Streamlets chuckle with joy as they pursue their twisting, winding ways through singing forests.

Spring always lingers in a garden. She is a joyous and willing servant of God, who chose to place His greatest creation, man, in a garden. Again, a garden was the setting for the triumphant resurrection of God's Son, the Christ. Wonder not that spring lingers in a garden!

FARTHER THAN HUNGER

Winifred Hamrick Farrar

Soft light is greening now, alive with spring;
My winter-shaded, jaded eyes grow wide
Seeing washed cores, bright buds begin to sing
Themselves awake, as I awake beside
This dogwood tree, reflect on nature's glide,
Her constancy. Farther than hunger flung,
Than dooming war, her flowering gives life tongue.

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

PIETA REVERIE

Emma S. McLaughlin

You were the first to hold Him,
ripening seed,
carried so carefully within your body.
Head high, you smiled away the scornful glances
waiting the promised birth.

Later, atop a hill,
when lightning tore the veil of clouds to shreds
and wind shrieked to the thundering of heaven,
the tremors of the earth,
you stood, torn like the clouds, beneath the cross,
waiting His death.

Now this man Michelangelo
has lifted your grown son
out of the purest marble,
and placed the still, cold body on your lap,
cradled on widespread legs.

How sad your mourning face in its acceptance.
I lift my arms. I feel compelled to take
the awesome burden.
In thought I gather Him close, turning away,
feeling the weight, staggering under the glory.

I am pricked by thorns,
stabbed with a shining sword,
cleansed in a life-giving river
flecked with red foam.

BLUE FLAG

Virginia Ladd Otis

Once I was choked by the damp of earth
And blinded by the fog of the fen;
But steadily I have believed
And steadily thrust up my vital stem,
So that now I breathe of the purest air
And look at heaven with an azure eye.

GIVING *Mary I. Harris*

Giving is the yielding of a special part of oneself to another
Without any thought of asking for that portion back.

TRANSCENDANCY

Ruth N. Ebberts

Today I find
time turning into sunlight
dancing on the sea —
it brings me to a cusp
where endlessly
all shimmering movement
is a rainbow light. . . .

I melt into the aura
that is diamond-bright.
And everywhere is silence
and everywhere is sun
I find
God and my inner self
are One.

BLACK BIRDS?

Phyllis B. Crockett

Liquid silver
flashing in
formation!
Now to left—
Now to right
Like combat planes
or stunting flight!
I hold my breath
in true delight.
Liquid silver.

RIDE INTO JERUSALEM

Jeanne Bonnette

Sandal-shod and white-robed
He rides the burro
along the dusty road, His feet
brushing the roadside weeds-
His gaze is far ahead;
He knows where His journey leads.

Palms wave slowly in the hot desert wind
And He blinks often
to clear the sand from His eyes.

Nearing the city
He hears the cheering voices
welcoming Him on this day
destined to be known
for time to come
as Palm Sunday.

However, He knows the truth
behind the festivity.
His father has given Him
an assignment
which must be kept. . .
which He will perform
for the grace of all men.

I BELIEVE

Elizabeth Allen Magnuson

Lord, I believe.
Inadequate alone;
Huddled in my static self
I fear the stepping out on faith
That lets life live.
Help thou mine unbelief.

I do believe.
Estranged;
Shy to share my heart
With others who are yours
In fear of their response.
Help mine unbelief.

Lord, I believe.
Your arms await
The essence that is me.
Yet fearsome is
The coming unto you.
Help thou mine unbelief.

All is possible for I believe.
Lord, help thou me. Help, Lord.

A SPIRITUAL UNFOLDING

The Autobiography of Mildred Long - Part II

(Continued from the February issue)

Chapter IV: Trial By Fire

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
-Tennyson

The flame shall not hurt thee –
I only design
Thy dross to consume and
Thy gold to refine.
–John Rippon

THE medical doctor threw up his hands, saying they knew nothing about nerves. The orthopedic M.D. had a heavy steel brace made for me to wear when I was sitting or around on my feet. He had become aware that my walking was very difficult, sometimes impossible when I was the least bit disturbed. He predicted I would never be able to walk freely again.

I reached out for other help. A very fine Swedish masseur came to me and gave wonderful treatments. He tried to help my thinking; and he did. One day he said to me, "Your muscle spasms are psychic." This hit me in my most sensitive spot. In a vague way I knew this already, and I felt guilty about it. I was supersensitive, and that means self-centered, although I did not yet realize how self-centered. Also, I was fearful of criticism or of doing any-

thing wrong. This was the main reason I could not walk in front of people. I sensed this also. Besides these emotions, I resisted anything I did not like or anyone who opposed me.

This situation made it necessary eventually to let the masseur go. Often the spastic condition prevented his finishing the treatment. And now usually I fought an all-day battle with fear that wore me out by the time he arrived in the evening.

Despair threatened. But soon a lovely lady came, a masseuse, who used different methods, and I did not resist her. She planted in my mind the thought: "God is in you, your very life; the life of your body as well as your spirit." Strange to say, this was a new concept to me. How could it be that I had been a Christian all my life and active in church work and never heard this sort of teaching? Had I been deaf to it? Or had it not been given?

Anyway, I went to work on this. I began to realize if I was so sensitive and if God was so near to me, I could become sensitive to Him instead of to harmful emotions. Negative emotions have a grip like a vise, and I was undertaking a gigantic task.

I read all the psychology and books on spiritual healing I could find. I studied God's word and worked hard on changing my prayer life. I had been asking God for help and getting no answers, I thought. Then I realized I had been reciting my problems to Him when I prayed—thus attaching them more firmly to my mind. Instead—in real prayer—I should be thinking upon Him or some promise. I do not know how this realization came to me. But I began to try to change.

When I began to try to see God or feel Him in prayer, I could not find Him. He was not there. There was a void. And I was filled with anguish. Had God forsaken me? "No," I said to myself, "God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. It is I who am absent from Him."

Someone asked me once how I became conscious of God within me. I replied, "I picked Him up and put Him bodily within my heart and consciousness." As nearly as I can explain it, this was what I did.

The person who asked me this question was the one who encouraged me to look back into my childhood and recall lovely experiences. At first I was able to remember only unfortunate or

very unusual happenings. But one day a childhood experience with a tiny flower came to mind as vividly as if it had been yesterday. It was then I wrote:

Hidden Flower

One day as I walked by the meadow stream
I found where it had grown
A tiny flower frail as a dream,
In the giant grass alone.

Such exquisite loveliness, I thought,
As pure as morning dew!
Though weak and hidden it surely had caught
The sky's most delicate blue.

Divine extravagance here! to waste
Perfection where none may see,
To plan a way for one to taste
Such enrichment as came to me.

I want my soul to be like the flower —
Content to lie obscure
If only the fragrance of Heaven's power
Make it tender and pure.

Such gentle humility let me learn
To be willing to live or die
If only one soul in the world may discern
A bit of God pass by.

A pressing need was to overcome insomnia. So when I lay down to sleep, I went into my inner self, into the throne room where I had enthroned Him, or thought I had. And then I visualized Jesus there all in white, sitting. And I sat beside Him, felt His presence, and looked into His face. The room was aglow with light and joy, peace, and love. We sat in silence. And always

when I could hold my mind in this consciousness for a few minutes or seconds I could go to sleep.

That was the beginning for me of a new kind of praying. I tried in prayer to put the troubles outside the door and realize only God's presence within, His love, His promises. I learned to visualize the answers to my prayers, practicing this in various ways. After a while, before going to sleep I would visualize myself walking with ease and composure with someone or in front of someone in the same room with me. This continued for years before it became a reality.

There were emotional problems involving sickness and disturbances outside myself which I was too easily drawn into. I had not yet learned that I must hold myself responsible for my reaction to everything that occurred in my environment. I cannot excuse myself under any pretext or blame anyone: I alone am responsible for my reaction to a situation. And if my reaction is positive and wholesome, other conditions will soon be modified. In this area I was in need of psychological and spiritual help which came a little later, as I shall relate.

Nor had I learned detachment—that is, not to become emotionally involved with other prople's emotional problems.

By this time my inner tensions were being expressed by violent seizures that threw me headlong and at times totally incapacitated me for days. I realized I was losing ground and prayed for definite guidance.

One night I was awakened out of a sound sleep, and a voice said, "Investigate that rest home in Chino." I replied, "Yes, Lord, I will." I knew almost nothing about that rest home, but I had heard of it.

In a few weeks I was settled at that rest home, under the care of a medical doctor who was also a psychiatrist and of his lovely wife who was a skilled physiotherapist and dietitian. Here I began to climb up out of the pit. I learned much about the power of the mind to change conditions, any conditions. I practiced visualization more constantly.

During the nine months I was at the rest home, my spiritual study was Glenn Clark's *I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes*. The last six months were a daily struggle with muscular seizures and the fear

of them. (Since that time I have learned that psycho-motor seizures are sometimes symptoms of hypoglycemia.) At the end of the six months I was able to go to the breakfast table in peace and quietness. So the doctor said I could go home. It was not easy at home, but I was able to meet conditions and rise above them, thus continuing my upward progress.

I marvel at the evidences of God's hand upon my life. There never was a place like this rest home: two skilled people trained in Europe and now retired from years of healing work in California; a small country house where I was the sole patient—yet there was a blind lady there to whom I could minister. I had daily care, daily instruction and encouragement; patient understanding and appreciation of what I was in spite of my physical deficiencies. There never was a place like it, then or now. For the doctor passed away the very day I went home. It was made just for me. How marvelous are God's works!

The day I went home I suffered a fall that left me with injured muscles that were long in healing. About two years later I was directed to a Navy doctor in Los Angeles who was having success helping crippled people. He detected first of all that I was deficient in adrenal secretion, and ever since I have been on the medication he prescribed. Here again God helped me get the assistance I needed to continue my healing. And now I am acquainted with the fact that adrenal deficiency and hypoglycemia often go together.

About this time, I connected myself with the CFO movement. Through the camps, association with many of the leaders, and the spiritual reading, I received great help.

Two years later, I went to Boise, Idaho, to study for six weeks with a Christian psychologist. There I received an emotional release from a buried hurt charged with guilt. This experience made me know how damaging these buried hurts can be. Now within me rose up the assurance that I would again walk alone. (I still could not walk alone on the street.)

The psychologist impressed on my mind the fact that I am responsible—and no one else—for my reaction to persons or events —always and without exception. And this of course involves the acquisition of detachment, never to take to myself anyone's nega-

tive emotions.

About this time, too, I attended a class in rhythm, muscle-building, and relaxtion, which aided greatly.

Still the perfect release did not come till after several occasions when I had asked for prayers of Christian people and my mother had gone to Heaven. Then one day I felt I could take a taxi and go to town alone. I did, and from then on I have walked freely wherever I wanted to go.

The way God took care of the finances was an additional miracle. I had taken out an insurance policy with a permanent disability clause nine months before the hip injury. After the surgery, I received the disability payments for a brief period. Then after the breakdown I applied again. This time the amount was half the original. The insurance company had changed hands and at that time the permanent disability portion had been cut fifty per cent for all new applicants. Upon investigation, it was disclosed that my first application was ratified the day before the new rules went into effect. I saw the hand of Providence in all this. The back pay was refunded, and ever since I have received this benefit plus a small teacher's pension after I retired.

When I went to the rest home, I did not have enough money in the bank to pay for a single month, I borrowed three hundred dollars (The note was later cancelled). Gifts amounted to nearly three-hundred dollars. My income was less than one hundred a month—and there was Mother to care for at home. But fifteen-hundred dollars and nine months later, I went home without a debt. I still cannot figure it out!

In my booklet "Triumph ot Faith" I delineated some of the emotional and spiritual struggles and victories of these years. I will quote a few sentences from that account which will throw a little light on the problems that beset me.

I began to pray for a receptive heart and to search the Scripture for guidance. I asked myself one day, 'Why can not I cast my care on Him?' So I opened the Bible to I Peter 5: 6,7 and read: "Humble yourselves. . . ." These words cut through my heart like a sharp knife. That was it. I was not humble.

"True humility, I concluded, was that attitude of mind which would enable me to suffer without self-pity; to accept defeat as a

challenge to renewed effort; to blame no one, not even myself, for existing conditions; to be free from irritations, resentments, and fears, and thus open my heart and mind to receive God's help."

Time and time again I lay on my face and poured out my anguish of soul as I tried to submit my will to His will and accept everything as from His hands. At length I could say, "Father, I will take misunderstanding and criticism, forgive, and feel no hurt." When I thus changed my inner response to life, outward conditions began to change.

Faith grew, and practice developed sureness in relaxation, quietness of mind, control of muscles. "As I stood more erect in side in relation to the Father, I began to stand more erect in body."

"Can a man find God? Yes, I found Him, the way I am convinced all men will find Him, by the yielding of the thoughts and emotions to His control. . . . When I was willing to lose myself, I came into the consciousness that I was found, at home in Him."

"God has the power and imparts the power to us to overcome even the greatest obstacles, but He requires our cooperation and our willingness to endure the struggle with what faith we have."

Finally when freedom in walking came, I wrote: "t he spiritual and emotional release is to me as great a miracle as the physical freedom."

So by the time I was able to walk again, I had made great progress in emotional stability and spiritual understanding. Now I was ready for a new life, which in fact had already begun.

Chapter V: The Fruitful Years

I have chosen you. . . that you should go and bring forth fruit and that your fruit should remain. -John 15, 16

THE YEARS of testing were not in vain. I had studied the technique of poetry in the first year I was incapacitated, and as a result my first book of poems was published in 1938. I wrote

regularly for a small religious magazine, and the editor put out several little booklets of my articles to distribute to his parishioners at Christmas and other times. One of the articles was noted by the editor of *Clear Horizons*. He asked to reprint it, and thus I began to make contributions to that magazine.

Now I was teaching a class of women of about my age in Spiritual Healing and was leading a weekly prayer group. The prayer group continued. At one time I had three groups a week and an evening class of young married couples. One prayer group stayed together for many years. This of course opened the way for personal counseling, of which I did a lot in succeeding years. It was not only a challenge but a pleasure to me.

On one occasion I counseled with a young man in his early thirties who was in a mental institution for the third time and not making any progress toward normalcy. God was responsible for the timing and the preparation for this event. I can trace the train of events and the people involved that led up to my meeting this young man. In three months he was released from the hospital and started making steady progress. He is now a graduate of Christian training school, on the staff, married to a lovely girl, and the father of two darling children. He is one of the most dedicated followers of Christ I know. I did not do it. God did it. And I am grateful He could use me as an instrument to release a soul buried under a weight of guilt and grief.

It is all so mysterious—this golden thread of guidance and provision; this knowing that no event just happens in the life of a child of God; that every person we meet is important to the whole tapestry; that every experience we go through is building a framework for a successful life; that every dark color sets off the brighter hues. What a Master Weaver we have! "How unsearchable are His Judgments and His ways past finding out!"

There is, however, one thing He leaves for us to do—that is to learn to accept life as from His hand, to commit ourselves, body and soul, to His guiding and keeping power. This I had at last learned to do, at least as much as I was able.

During the years I was teaching school I had a yearning to do something more significant for the Kingdom. Yet the urge was

not strong enough to cause me to break away and seek training in a seminary. Little did I know what God had in store for me, nor could I have guessed the pathway I must tread before He could use me. But looking back I perceive His wisdom and His plan. I accept life as He saw fit to shape it and I am grateful.

Avenues for publication widened. Articles and poems were printed in various religious papers. Dr. Russell L. Dicks of Duke University edited the magazine *Religion and Health.* I sent in an article, "I Learned to Pray." In reply, he said I had a real story to tell, but I needed to be explicit about what happened and how I responded. This led to my writing five articles on the theme of my physical recovery and attendant growth in spiritual understanding. The articles appeared in the magazine and were so popular that they were printed in a booklet, "Triumph of Faith," which went into a second printing. My contributions to that magazine were quite regularly accepted until its discontinuance; articles, poems, and meditations.

In 1950, the year my mother passed away, a little book of meditations and poems was printed, "Prayer Tapestry." Later another booklet, "God's Power Is Available," was well received and had a second printing.

I spent two summers at a Baptist summer camp as counselor. To me the experience was rewarding, as I was able in a small way to minister in various situations. The Baptist church in the adjoining village used me to conduct Wednesday Evening prayer meetings on the deeper spiritual life.

In 1956 I returned to Colorado for the fortieth reunion of my college class and to visit friends and relatives. Two years later I attended the national convention of the Christian Authors' Guild in Green Lake, Wisconsin. I had graduated from their correspondence course with professional standing and was granted a scholarship to attend the workshop.

By invitation I became a member of the National League of American Pen Women. Later I began contributing to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER and before long was asked to become a Contributing Editor, which honor I still hold.

During the 1950's I was cited in *Who's Who Among Women in*

the U.S. and in *Who's Who in International Poetry;* in 1972 in *Two Thousand Women of Achievement.* Also in that year Stanford University accepted the thesis I wrote for the M.A. degree in Classical Literature and placed it in their library, sending me a "Receipt of Gift," which I prize highly.

In 1961 I entered the retirement home where I now live. Immediately I started a meditation group, which continues. During my periods of absence because of illness they have carried on.

Often I have led a Bible-study or prayer meeting here since these are on our weekly program. Belonging to a small church in La Verne, I have for parts of three consecutive years led a Sunday school class of college students in Bible study—chiefly growth in the life of Christ.

Since I came to Hillcrest Homes, I have been hospitalized twice for a back injury and twice for a broken arm. In January 1973 I had a serious infection in the sinuses. When four rounds of antibiotics did not work a cure, I knew I must find help elsewhere. The deacons came for a blessing service and some friends came, too, one day when I was nearly beside myself with misery, and prayed for me. Soon after that, the Spirit told me what to do. I went to Hemet to Dr. E.G. Loomis, who is a specialist in hypoglycemia. This he found to be the basic problem. And now I know without a doubt that this was part of the problem back of my near invalidism of these many years. On the diet required, I am doing well, regaining strength and vitality. I am at ease in my mind and can think clearly. Again God granted me a new lease on life.

In 1970 my book "Listen to the Silence" was published. I reviewed it before groups five times.

I cannot predict the future (who can?). But I expect a number of years have been added to my life to continue doing what God gives me to do. At present I am seeking publication for three books.

I hear someone saying, "You have not mentioned your love-life. Did you have none?" I must reply, "I had none." In youth I shied away from marriageable men except for one to whom I could have become attached. But nothing in me drew him to me.

There may be several reasons for this situation. I believe

one reason rests in the still-unsolved mystery as to what caused me in infancy to reject my father. This was indeed sad for him and for me. It was only after I studied psychoanalysis that I realized how unnatural had been my relationship with my father, who was beyond any doubt one of the finest men God ever made.

I have always been a loner. I have made many friends but only two or three have been intimate enough that I could expose to them my innermost thoughts and feelings. I have often yearned for more of such companionship. Now it seems less important, for I have come to feel that God is my constant companion. All my struggles and personal battles were fought and resolved by the presence and guidance of my Heavenly Father.

We have a Master Weaver. The design is intricate. The weaving is done in silence and obscurity. Little do we know what is going on or what the finished tapestry will be. But some day we will behold the love in the face of the Great Designer and we shall be satisfied.

Chapter VI: My Family

Every soul is dependent upon every other.

MY FATHER, born in 1846, was the second son of a Baptist minister in the state of Maine. He was named George Boardman Long, after the well-known missionary George Dana Boardman. He had three brothers and two sisters.

His father was traveling missionary in Maine among Baptist churches and sometimes pastor of a local church. The brother just younger became a minister, and it was he who led me into the waters of baptism at the age of eleven.

In all respects my father excelled. Though not an ordained minister, he could and often did officiate in the pulpit and at funerals. As a lay leader, he was chairman of the board of deacons, Moderator of the church, and superintendent of Sunday school. He was a successful grammar school principal, encouraging both teachers and pupils to their highest achievement. He received honor, respect, and affection from young and old. Mother used to speak of him as "a gentleman of the old school."

He was always head of the family and the spiritual guide. We had family devotions night and morning in which we children took part as soon as we were old enough. He encouraged the the memorization of Scripture, and we learned many of the Psalms. Often we repeated one in unison before prayer. In his absence, Mother carried on this practice.

My father showed great wisdom (as I see it now) in not thrusting himself into my life when I excluded him, but still being always kind and considerate. It seems we both accepted the situation and so we got along in peace. But in later years I learned how much I had lost of family joy and personal affection.

My mother was Adella Drummond, a distant relative of Henry Drummond and William Thompson. Both were writers of some note. The most famous of Henry Drummond's works is, I believe, *The Greatest Thing in the World,* his beautiful delineation of love. William Thompson wrote *The Land and the Book,* which is still considered the most authentic book on the land of Palestine.

My mother was the youngest girl in a large family, born on a farm in Ohio, just before the Civil War. The death of her father and the call to war for her older brothers left management of the farm to her teenage brothers and her mother. Mother helped her with outdoor chores, milking cows, tending chickens, making a garden. She lost her mother at the age of twenty. Already she was teaching school and continued to teach until she married my father. Their friendship began in Colorado, twenty miles from Denver, where she succeeded my father as teacher of a rural school and made her home with her half-sister with whom my father was boarding.

Mother was a quiet, retiring person, happy in her home and efficient in its management. I do not recall any special effort of hers to instruct me in the ways of life. But I recall a few things she taught me—perhaps not knowing she was teaching me. I have mentioned her method of curing me of whining. I recall she would never let any of us do something she asked if we showed resentment or unwillingness. She would say, "Well, you need not do it," and in such a firm voice it was final.

Mother was prominent in church work, both in our little congregation and in the city missionary society. She was secretary

of the founding board of Colorado Women's College, established by the Baptists in Denver. In later life she received a citation from the college. After moving to California, she was teacher of a large Sunday school class of women in the First Baptist Church of Pomona for many years. And she was my faithful companion and helper through all those years of trials. Some trials fell on her too, for we were both involved in some of the emotional problems that were part of those years. She lived to be eighty-nine years and seven months, and her mind was clear to the last. Mother was my best earthly friend always.

I was the youngest in our family and therefore allowed many privileges denied my older brother and sister. They were enough older (five and a half years and four years and four months respectively) to take a great deal of responsibility for me and my welfare. That was good and not good. I grew up unable to express myself freely or stand on my own feet with confidence. Also I carried a buried resentment against authority to the extent that I became accident-prone.

My brother, Herbert Collins Long, whom I have always loved dearly and held in great respect, was of an earnest, conscientious, ambitious, steadfast makeup. Nothing could move him from what he considered right. He was slow and deliberate but also a thorough student, and at the age of eighty-seven retains his brilliant mind.

He graduated from college in three years and went east to Brown University and Newton Theological Seminary preparing for ordination and missionary work. In 1916 he was sent to India. On the trip he met the young lady who was to become his wife, Mabel Rix. Together they served in India for over thirty years. God gave them four beautiful children, three of whom are living. They have made a great contribution to my life, compensating in part for the lack of children of my own. They have also made a significant place for themselves in the world and in God's Kingdom purpose. Adella, the one whose life was short, was named for my mother. She was a favorite with all who knew her.

Their lives were fraught with labors of joy and also heartaches, disappointments, and sorrow. Being a close-knit family, the rest of us shared some of these experiences. Since retiring from

the field, my brother has completed a massive work on "Unfolding the Ideal Life," which is being published in India in both Bengali and English.

My sister Ruth was the middle child and suffered some of the usual disadvantages of the situation. She was of a conscientious and intense nature, and I feel was often imposed upon because she was the older sister. She began bearing responsibility too young for her own good. In addition, there were physical and emotional problems which she bore mostly without divulging them to anyone.

She was a superb teacher and nusre, being used in both capacities at the Sherman Indian School in Riverside, California. There she was requested to write the course of study for the adult primary students. This was thereafter used in all the government Indian schools.

Later she went to the Crow Indians in Montana as a missionary teacher under the American Baptist Home Missionary Society. After five years there, she took a needed rest. Then she married the Reverend Hervey Gilbert, missionary to the Comanche Indians in Oklahoma. She was a devoted wife and mother to his two children as well as his helper in the work. She made many friends and was greatly loved for her sweet disposition and sense of humor—qualities which soothed many troubled waters. She passed away in in 1968, surviving her husband by five years.

My father had lost his first wife, who left him a son, Martin Henry. He never lived with us at home but we were all very fond of him. He was an outstanding lawyer, being included in *Who's Who*. He too has passed from this life. This leaves my brother and me here and still seeking to serve. Truly I have a family of which to be proud.

There is one other person I must mention, my god-daughter After high school, my girlhood chum Frances married, and I went to college. Her second child was a girl born terribly crippled. She was christened Martha Jane, and I was named one of her god-mothers. By the time she was six, she learned to walk. Her mother taught her how to sew and do many household tasks. When she was nine, her mother died, leaving Martha and her three brothers to the

care of a harsh and selfish father.

Martha and I began our real acquaintance by correspondence in her 'teens, and we have been very close to each other. She is a lovely woman with a story-book life—is married, has two children and two grandchildren. I consider her a remarkable person and one of those who is a great overcomer. Among all my friends and relatives there is no one to whom I can talk more freely on spiritual things. She has really enriched my life as I have tried in a small way to fill the vacancy in her life left by the loss of her mother, who was very precious to us both.

Martha, my sister's daughter Frances, and my brother's two sons and two daughters have been a blessing to me. I have both their affection and their concern, and am ever grateful.

(The third and last part of Mildred Long's autobiography will be published in the next issue.)

MEDITATION

Marion J. Richardson

I hear no sound
to break the unity
of my surroundings —
all objects are there,
but I neither see them
nor hear any movements
while I meditate in
solar silence.

Few persons have courage enough to seem as good as they really are. —Hare

BOARD OF TRUSTEES TO MEET. The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held in the Fellowship's New York office on Wednesday, April 21.

BOOKS. The following new books have been added to the Fellowship Library by either their authors or publishers: *I Thank You, Father,* prose and peoms by Princess Orelia Benskina (Exposition Press 900 S. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801); *Sparks From The Armchair,* prose and poems by Florence De Groat (Alphabet Printers, Hemet, Calif. 92343); *The Gentle Hours* by Louise Kidder Sparrow (J & C Transcripts, Kanona, N. Y., 14856); and *The 19th Psalm and Other Religious Poems* by Hulda C. Miller (Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y. 20001).

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WHAT IS A MAN?

Martin Robert Walsh

What is a man?
Why can't he bloom
as sure—complete—as perfectly
each time as violets—
be a tall horse running running
running be a tall horse running
over endless grass?—
What is a man?
Why can't he fill with grave,
be still, release his grasp
as easily as a branch
releasing sudden sparrows—why?
What is a man?

KINGDOM

Nixeon Civille Handy

I FIND that running myself, trying to run myself, that is, becomes an impossible responsibility.

When I go back to my Creator, to my Father, rejoin the human and heavenly family, it is then I feel the happiness and comfort that comes from reunion. I am united with what is happening.

I am what is intended, part of the fragrance of the meadow, running with the stream, feeling in the wind; the shallows of the deep sea become mine. The love of my brother touches and lifts me, as I touch and lift him.

My weaknesses turn into strengths as I recognize my power as a possibility in the kingdom.

Joining the kingdom of life and joy and fulfillment, I begin to work for my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

I help to plant the lily bulbs. I tend and water these that bloom on Easter. I also am responsible for understanding and undertaking crosses.

I learn to roll away the stone from the tomb, that heavy darkness closing the light, so that light can take over, in His Holy Name.